

## THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR NOTICES OF THE Park Methodist Episcopal Church

Minister:  
**(REV. JOHN OGDEN WINNER, M. A.)**  
20 PARK STREET.

Easter Sunday—April 7, 1912, 10:30 A. M., Easter Sermon by the Pastor; solo by Mrs. E. H. Markwith of Orange, "The Golden Gates are Lifted," by Marzo; anthem, "Hosanna," Grauer-Shepherd; anthem, "Lift Your Glad Voices," Lerman.

12 NOON—Special Easter Service by Sunday-school, address by Rev. George Whitehead. Mrs. Markwith will sing.

7:45 P. M. Sunday Evening Service. A cordial invitation is extended to all to enjoy all these services and make this Easter a bright and joyous day.

The Ladies' A. A. Club will give an entertainment entitled "Aunt Maggie's Will" on Tuesday evening, April 9th, at 8 o'clock in the Parish House. Tickets twenty-five cents. Children, fifteen cents. For the benefit of Building Fund.

### Town Hall Agitation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN:

SIR:—I suppose that a reply is expected from me to the letter which appeared under above heading in your issue of March 30th, and which was signed "Reader," especially as from the context of that letter it appears that "Reader" represents or wants to satisfy the taxpayers of Bloomfield that a municipal building is needed.

The pith of "Reader's" letter, as I take it, is contained in these three words: "Will it pay?"

In order to make my letter as short as possible and avoid repetition, I would respectfully refer "Reader" to my letter published in THE CITIZEN of March 9th, under the caption "Advocates Town Hall," and also to the resolution adopted by the Board of Trade as published in THE CITIZEN of March 23d under the heading "Town Hall Project." From these two articles "Reader" cannot fail to note that I claim that the accommodations for the conduct of the public business and affairs are primitive, inadequate and unsuited, and if this is true better provisions should be made.

In the two articles to which I above refer I mention some of the objects I desire to attain by bringing all departments of public administration into one building, and if these are realized, and there is no reason why they should not be, it will surely pay.

I would also call to the attention of "Reader" that I suggested several sites for this building.

Now I ask "Reader," and all taxpayers who are not now acquainted with existing conditions, to investigate, after which I am certain that all will join me in the demand for this improvement. If "Reader" expects me to furnish figures as to comparative expense per year, I would be obliged to answer, this is not up to "me." "Reader" must know that it depends first on what site is selected, and the cost of same; second, architects' plans and specifications; third, contractors' bids. The selection and control of these are not with me, and it certainly would be discourteous to the "powers that be" if I should presume to go into details as to the site and building. I believe the council, in consultation with the town officers, chief of police and superintendents of water supply and public works, is fully able to decide as to what is wanted in a town hall, as also where it should be located.

I fully realize that this is a question of considerable importance, and I doubt not but what the council would be glad to receive suggestions from citizens, and if such are made through THE CITIZEN they should be made over the name of the writer in order to have proper consideration and weight.

H. C. BECK.

April 3, 1912.

### Welcome to Visitors.

In honor of Prof. John Wrigley of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lieutenant O. Eugene Schildwachter of Newport, R. I., and New York, Hugh MacInnes entertained at his home on Park street on Saturday evening. The reception was in the nature of a welcome to the vicinity, as the visitors intend establishing residences at Montclair in the spring. Music was furnished by the Flatbush Quartette of Brooklyn, and there was dancing until midnight, at which hour a collation was served. In addition to the guests of honor those present were the Misses Louise and Hulda Dinges, Mary Vogelius, Helen and Davina MacInnes of this town, Beatrice Duke of Roseville, and Irene D'Alloy of Arlington. Victor Blecker, Beach Smith, Arthur Pilch and Leslie MacDonald of this town.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

## BON-TON Millinery and Furs. CLEARANCE SALE.

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And others for less.

Furs repaired, remodeled and dyed at reasonable prices.

### Christmas Savings Club.

The Bloomfield Trust Company opened one of the Landis system of Christmas Savings Club on Monday, April 1.

The club was limited to three thousand accounts, which the trust company considered a rather large venture for a town the size of Bloomfield. Correspondence with other banks where the Landis system is in operation, some of them in large cities, indicated that a club of three thousand accounts would be ample for this vicinity.

But it was a case where conservative judgment missed the mark. The Bloomfield club broke all records in the absorption of its accounts and the mistake was made that the limit was not put at five thousand accounts instead of three.

Seventeen hundred and fifty accounts were subscribed for on Monday, April 1, the day the club was opened. No other club under the Landis system has had an opening like that. The lobby in the Trust Company building was jammed with people Monday night who wanted to become members of the club, and the bank doors had to be closed to keep the crowd out.

The club was closed on Thursday when the accounts were all subscribed. The club membership extends throughout Glen Ridge, Montclair, Caldwell, Verona, Nutley, Belleville, East Orange and West Orange.

The membership is not confined to young people and children. People of all ages are in it, and for various purposes. Some for the purpose of meeting their taxes in the fall. Others for Christmas present money and deeds of charity, and a number of mothers put their children in the club with a view to inculcating the savings habit. The fact that the children can make weekly visits to the bank and make deposit, it was considered would have a good effect in promoting savings and excite an interest in banking.

If the club membership is kept up the Trust Company will distribute between fifty and sixty thousand dollars two weeks before Christmas. Each member of the club will get a check for the amount of deposit, plus three per cent interest.

The Christmas Savings Club is the invention of Merkle Landis of Pittsburgh, Pa., and has been adopted by many banks throughout the country.

The Bloomfield Trust Company Club consists of six classes.

Class 1 starts with one cent and deposits increase at the rate of one cent a week for 36 weeks, when the final deposit is 36 cents.

Class 1 A starts with 36 cents and ends with 1 cent.

Class 2 starts with 2 cents and ends with 72 cents.

Class 2 A starts with 72 cents and ends with 2 cents.

Class 3 starts with 5 cents and ends with \$1.80.

Class 3 A starts with \$1.80 and ends with 5 cents.

### Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys, 25c. At all druggists.—Adv.

Burglar  
and  
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We have complete facilities for the storage of valuables. Safety Boxes at \$4.00 per annum and up wards. The Bloomfield National Bank.—Adv.

### THE GAME OF KNAPPAN.

A Murderous, Skull Cracking Sport That Gave Us Football.

George Owen, lord of Kemes, a Welsh gentleman who lived in Pembroke 300 years ago, has left a description of the extraordinary game of "knappan," which seems to have been the forefather of Rugby football.

Two thousand foot, besides horsemen, he tells us, were frequently engaged, and, as for the ground, it was a stretch of open country at least two miles long and often much more. The umpires who watched the goals were mounted on swift horses.

There appear to have been no side boundaries and no rules in particular, except that it was not etiquette to commit murder. The game was started at 2 in the afternoon and lasted until one side got a goal or until darkness fell.

The game began as follows: "The combatants having come together, a cry is made, when all proceed to divest themselves of their clothing, save only a thin pair of breeches. If the player have but a shirt on his back, in the fury of the game it is torn to pieces."

The ball was small and made of wood, but the game resembled Rugby in that the players ran with the ball and when collared passed to another of their own side.

The man with the ball ran till tackled; then, if he could not pass, he was summoned three times to deliver the ball. If he refused his head was punched until he gave in. Our chronicler hints that, instead of the mere fist, stones were sometimes used if the player proved obstinate.

"At times," says the writer, "the players fall by the ears, so that sometimes you shall see five or six hundred naked men bending in a cluster together as fast as fists can go, so that you shall see two brothers, the one beating the other, the man the master, the friend against friend."

Spectators had to be uncommonly careful, for if one got meshed in the titanic combat he was at once made a player by "leading him half a dozen cuffs."

Most extraordinary scenes occurred at times. On one occasion a mounted player got away with the ball and won the match for his side and so much honor and glory that he was anxious to repeat the performance.

But at the next match, much to his chagrin, no one would or could pass the ball to him, so presently he resorted to a stratagem. He suddenly broke from the crowd and began galloping away as fast as he could, pretending that he had the knappan in his grasp.

A score or so of the opposing cavaliers, deceived by his trick, followed him, and apparently he was not so well mounted as on the previous occasion, for they caught him and demanded the ball. They finally refused to believe his protests that he had not got it and beat him sorely. He was struck to the ground and every stitch of clothes torn from his bruised body, and he was left to lament the entire failure of his smart scheme.

All the horsemen in the game of knappan carried heavy cudgels, and blows were exchanged which would have killed men less hard than the players of that wonderful age.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Mocking Munchausen.

A gentleman once boasted to Charles Bannister that he had destroyed men with his own hands. "Sir," said Charles, "I have killed a few in my time also. Let me see—five at Madrid, ten at Lisbon, twenty at Paris, thirty at Vienna and double the number at The Hague. At length, coming over from Calais to Dover I had scarce disembarked when a desperate Irishman killed me." "Killed you?" said the gentleman. "What do you mean by that?" "Sir," replied the wit, "I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?"

### Laughed Out of His Name.

It is hard to be laughed out of one's surname. That is what occurred to an inoffensive English gentleman, Charles Sainsbury Pickwick, Esq., who, after the publication of Dickens' famous novel, felt constrained to advertise in the London Times informing the world that owing to its having been brought into ridicule and made a byword by the novelist he intended to abandon his name forever. This was the more hard in his case because he proudly traced his name to a knightly origin—from "Piquez vite"—"spur fast."

### Between Lawyers.

A young Pittsburgh attorney is starting in with very high ideals. "I won't defend a man whom I believe to be guilty," he was declaring at the club the other day.

An older lawyer smiled tolerantly. "Now, my boy," he said, "you mustn't set your judgment up against that of the majority. I have defended plenty of men whom I believed to be guilty, but the jury decided otherwise."—Kansas City Journal.

### Helping the Vicar.

Deacon (to vicar in vestry)—Are you suffering from a cold, sir? Vicar—No. Why do you ask? Deacon—Well, there's about a dozen cough lozenges in the collection plate.—London Opinion.

### Money and Friends.

Sillicus—Which would you rather lose, your money or your friends? Cynicus—What difference does it make? You can't lose one and keep the other.—Philadelphia Record.

He alone has energy who cannot be deceived by it.—Lafayette.

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